this doctrine in addressing the democratic rulers of the Italia republics. "You see, dearest brothers and lords," she write to the Anziani and Consuls and Gonfalonieri of Bologna, " *tht* self-love is what lays waste the city of the soul, and ravages an overturns earthly cities. I would have you know that nothin has wrought this division in the world save self-love, from whic has risen and rises all injustice."[1] Through self-love, she tel the Signoria of Florence, the virtue of justice has died out i monarchies and republics alike : " The legitimate sovereigns ha-v become tyrants. The subjects of the Commune do not feed | its breast with justice nor fraternal charity ; but each one, wit falseness and lies, looks to his own private advantage, and not t the general weal. Each one is seeking the lordship for himsel and not the good state and administration of the city."[2] Similarly it is to self-love alone that Catherine ascribed the war betwee the Tuscan communes and the Holy See, no less than tt Great Schism itself; self-love had transformed Gregory's legat< to ravening wolves, and Urban's cardinals to incarnate demons. Man, therefore, must draw out the two-edged sword of lo\ and hate, and slay this worm of sensuality with the hand of Fr< Will. He must utterly cast off servile fear. " Servile fear tak< away all power from the soul. I think not that man has ar cause to fear, for God has made him strong against every adve sary."[8] "No operation of the soul that fears with servile fe, is perfect. In whatever state she be, in small things and in gre* she falls short, and does not bring to perfection what she h begun. O how perilous is this fear I It cuts off the arms • holy desire ; it blinds man, for it does not let him know or s< the truth. This fear proceeds from the blindness of self-lov« for, as soon as the rational creature loves itself with sensitive sel love, it straightway fears. And this is the cause for which fears ; it has set its love and hope upon a weak thing, that h no firmness in itself, nor any stability, but passes like tl wind."[4]

[1] Letter 268 (200). [z] Letter 337 (199). [8] Appendix, Letter I.

* Letter 242 (37), to the Bishop of Florence, Angelo Ricasoli, when he 1